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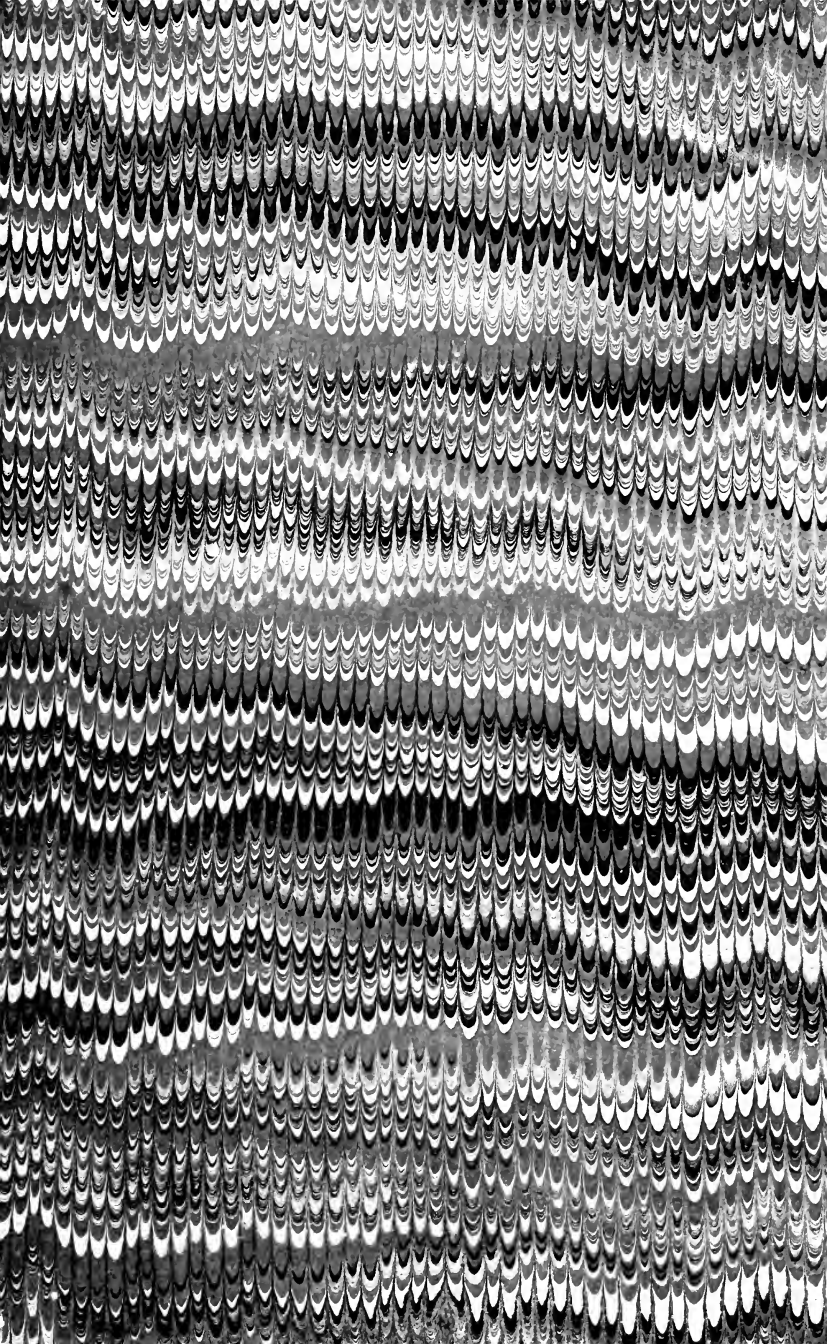
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IMOGEN,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By William Shakespeare.



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY B. B. RUSSELL.

1871.

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The Author to the Publisher.

MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL, —

Being aware, as regards publication, that “IMOGEN” is not all that it could be, I have been tempted more than once to put it on the shelf, and wait patiently until my mind “had become more matured,” as my well-wishers express it. But my curiosity to know how this little book would be received by a certain number of my acquaintances, and more especially by one or two of my dearest friends, — with whom, owing to the existing circumstances, it would be impossible for me to communicate, except indirectly through print, — has induced me to submit this work to your judgment.

As yet, I have only heard the advice of a few of my most intimate friends; and I here humbly apologize to the little circle for being so obstinate as not to have availed myself of their good counsel by waiting until my mind “had become more matured.”

Yours very truly,

THE AUTHOR.

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IMOGEN.

TO E——.

Is this the last? Shall I ne'er near thee loiter once again?

O cruel fate! — when having tasted once the wanton
fledgling's dart,

Must I be made to feel the depth and fulness of the wound
by separation's pain?

To-day we meet; but ah! alas! to-morrow's sun must
shine on us apart.

With weariness I'll turn my efforts to their toilsome ends,

Half heeding what men say, scarce knowing what I do:

I'll seem most grieved, most lonely, when amid my friends;

For I shall miss those tearful eyes, so black, and yet so
true!

Then must it be ere eventide, my lady and my pen forsworn:

For faithless Chance has cast her die with unrelenting
hand;

And, oh! my song is empty, and my heart is torn,

To think I leave my Princess and my fairyland, —

A land of shady dreams upheld upon a cloudless night,
Where fancy dwells above all worldly woe ;
Where great minds wander, and ambition finds its starry
height, —
A sweet delusion, leaving blunt reality below.

But now I leave above the clouds my blithe aerial seat,
To toss my gauntlet to the world ; and, wading through
dark strife,
I shall unsheathe my spotless sword, and lay it at coy For-
tune's feet,
In hopes to please that fickle flame that seems so near
akin to greatness and to life.

But thou, my Princess and my soul, thou must I leave behind,
Amid the flowers of thy halcyon home,
While I the Rubicon of youth do pass, instilling jewels in
my mind,
That there may be a revel of success when back to thee
I come.

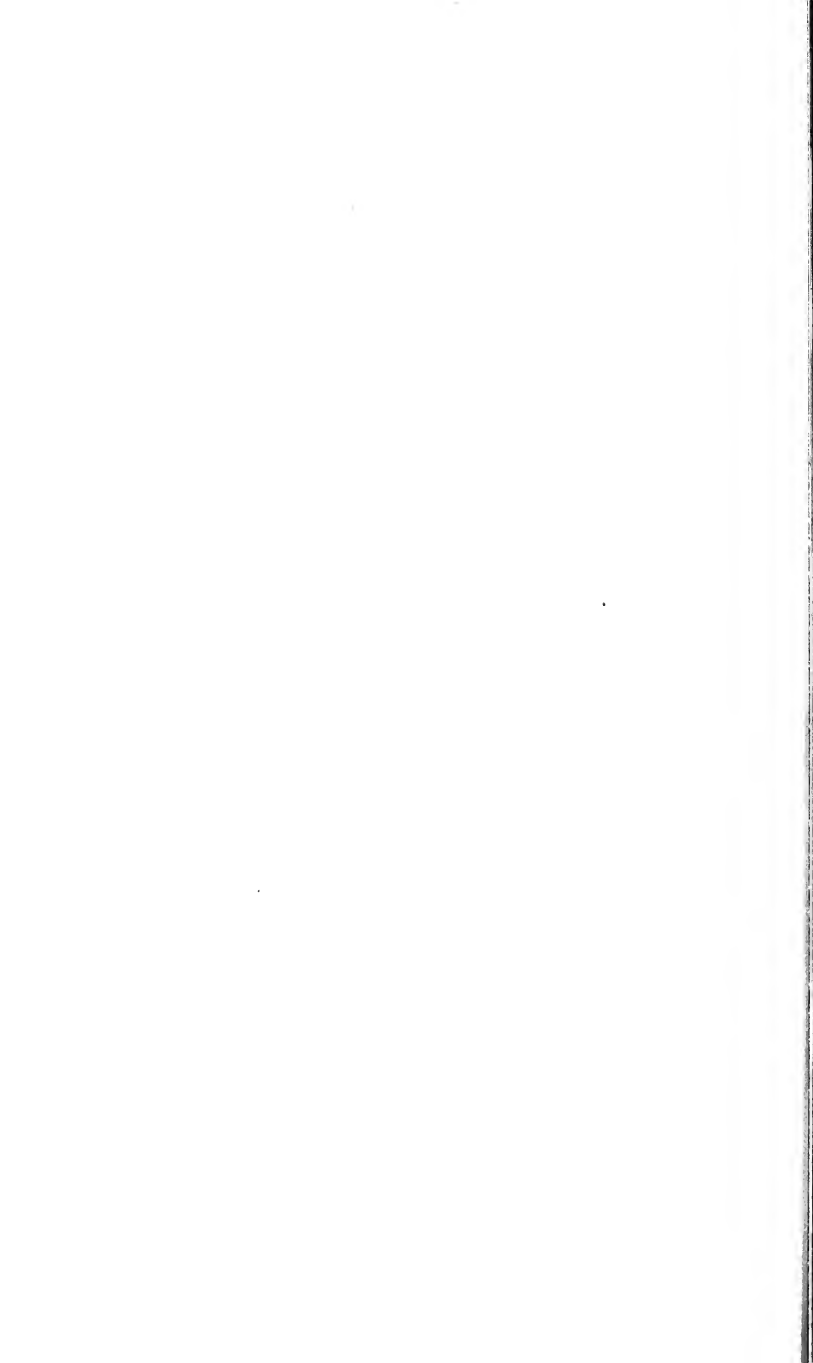
Sweet woman ! then one last request before I go :
If in my way I chance to meet some giddy fall,
And sudden Death should lay me low,
Remember then 'twas all for thee. This would I crave ;
and this is all.

Let time obliterate this page : my thoughts shall soon be
mute ;

I'll lose the mask of comedy, the sable robes of tragedy ;
The past shall play upon the lover's lute,
That none may trace the madman then in me.

Let Providence be guide with her ethereal wand ;
Let friends remember, and loves be true ;
Then, by my faith in this united band,
All hail, bright future ! and sweet past, adieu !

Nov. 10, 1870.



I M O G E N.

“The moon, the sea, and I.”

LIKE to a tear upon an Ethiop's cheek,
A last remaining star still lingers on
The curtain of the passing night ;
The twilight hovers o'er the dale ;
The tree-tops wave their unshorn heads
As through their bending branches pass
The cool refreshing winds ;
The red-veined poppy stretches out its leaves ;
And, like a heavy dew,
The chilly mists their azure arms intwine
About the glowing mountains of the east.
And now the sun advances in his shining robes ;
While, gazing on her lord,
The pale dawn blushes like a happy bride
That wakes and finds her master near.

Then in the half-attentive ear
There creep the varied sounds
Of waking Nature and her kind, —
The fluttering of birds ; the herdsman's horn ;
The bleating of the pastured sheep ;
And low and undefined,
In a changeful undertone,
The distant moaning of the sea.

But, ere the sun had ridden far
Upon his unseen path,
A youth awoke
Whose pillow-nestling cheek
Of late had doted on repose ;
For, having often been deprived
Of a fair share of Nature's panacea,
Had this time overruled
The stated limits of the night,
And trespassed on the day.
So now he did but turn him on the other side
To ease his self-contented rest :
His heavy eyelids fell,
And lash met lash again in the sweet
Composure of a morning doze.
Ah ! he was wont a while to play the idle dreamer,

Though not a visionary youth
As modern men might deem :
For Ingarde, when he felt
The dew upon his temples fall,
And breathed the morning's life-inspiring breath,
Would fain pursue the winding river to its source,
Or to its icy peak he'd climb an untrod range,
Or dive beneath an angry tide
Until he reached its amber walks and coral caves ;
For Nature in her fair extremes
Had found a heartfelt favor in his sight.

And such was he : though men did love him not ;
For he was strange, and fancied not
Their company ; while they, in turn,
Did ill brook his.
And so, e'en in his native land, he was like one
Who had by chance, or some mishap,
Been cast upon a foreign shore ;
For 'mid the numbers he was one, alone,
Whom all did eye,
And none did understand.

No small man's laurels did he crave,
E'en were the hands that gave them fair.

In truth he was a youth of strange design,
That found a pleasure in great deeds :
So, when he broke the apron-strings
Of a maternal care,
He lived apart from men ;
He sought the waste, the mountain, and the sea,
And deemed him well contented in their midst.
Yet none waxed old so fast as he.
Ah ! he had had his own heart-worn complaints,
And much was hid within
The secret dungeon of his woe,
Though scarce a score had passed him o'er :
While oft his friends would chide
Because they found him sad,
And thought him idle in his ways ;
For friends he had, 'tis true,
Though no companion dear.
He never had a comrade but he died,
Or to some distant clime was driven ;
Yet once, 'tis said, he loved a maid
Whose hair was raven, and whose eyes were blue.

O mistress of my heart !
It is when I do try to tell what I have felt for thee
That ink does seem to turn to water on the page.

Thou wert the only rift within mine inauspicious sky ;
 Thou wert the sweet disorder of my mind
 On which my heart and substance wasted.
 Though some might lay
 My passion at another's feet,
 Yet 'twas within thine eyes
 I first saw mine rekindle ;
 'Twas when I touched thy soft white hand
 I felt that strange desire,
 Half mingled with despair,
 That now has changed
 Into a secret madness, feeding on the past
 In silence and in solitude.

They ask me why I write :
 Oh ! 'tis but in the hope
 That some day thou mayst chance
 To gaze on these my sorry lines,
 And see how well I have remembered thee ;
 How little time can change the heart
 That ever throbb'd for thee.
 Ah ! let the darkness of affliction's night
 Bring forth the morrow's light ;
 Though I have nought wherewith
 Towards thee to make reproach

In this my baptism of woe.
Well may they say,
“ She’s true, she’s gentle, and she’s fair.”
Yea, true thou wert, and true thou art :
For ’twas my heart deceived me ;
And, if in aught I’ve wronged thee,
Repentance is the holy-water
That must wash away the stain.

But, oh, how strange is this our earthly being here ! —
Imprisoned on a watery green globe ;
Subjected to this feverish monotony of days ;
Linked by a chain of cold distressing nights,
That cast their freezing shade
Upon the very spot which, scarce an hour since,
The evening sun had warmed
With his absorbing ray.
’Tis Nature’s universal law, in part and counterpart :
It takes but little to make perfection of a whole ;
Yet in that little all things lack.
So with a winsome woman’s heart,
Where the seat of her soft nature lies.
Ah me ! and are we born
The willing victims of her blandishments ?
But ’twere useless to deplore

What no human power can avail.
So Ingarde thought,
And deemed it well it were no worse :
For he was sorely smitten with the maiden's charms ;
And so, to 'scape the sadness of his home, —
Familiar sights that did but grieve
His eye, and waken pain, —
He sallied forth unmated and alone,
With but one comrade by his side,
And wandered 'midst the troubled world
Until he reached a sunny isle,
The scene of his companion's younger days,
Where both did tarry for repose.
And even here we find him, as he sleeps,
Lying beneath a gold-embroidered canopy.
His hair was raven, and his cheek was pale ;
His form was slender, and his breathing soft
As one that feels a deep repose
In sweet oblivion's dull sense :
While o'er his shoulder swept a mantle black ;
('Tis said that black is night, and night is sorrow ;)
And 'neath this sable sheet he wore
About his breast a tunic crimson-stained ;
(And men do say that red is fire, and fire is de-
sire ;)

For all that Ingarde's world-worn soul did feel
Was mirrored in his outward self.

Now slowly up the rocky slope
Is heard his comrade's stealthy step ;
And Ingarde, waking, greets his friend.
They pause ; and soon, after a brief delay,
Both issue forth, and towards the sea
Assume an easy pace.
Through many-bladed fields they pass,
Soft waving to the zephyrs' mood ;
Through forests echoing their tread,
Whose cool embowered shade doth soothe
The senses like an opiate.
And thee, thou dancing rill !
Unto thy gurgling cadence could
But mortal man his lyre tune,
How sweet would be the melody !
O melodies of thought !
In Nature's open arms
Here might the poet find an airy sea
Whereon to launch his visionary bark.
But I'll not mar it with
My vandal pen : one more profound
Must touch upon its rosy shores.

And as they journeyed on, and neared the ocean's
bed,

Loud, louder rose the troubled roar.

And Ingarde now rejoiced :

For he did love the sea ;

He loved the foaming breakers that did waste

Their strength upon the barren sands ;

For it did seem

As if they struck some chord in unison

With him and his affliction.

And thus with these wild waters

Would his spirit claim companionship

While through the sunny hours of a summer's day

He'd ponder on their great proceedings,

On the ocean's ceaseless roll of sullen sleep,

As there he basked him 'mid

The curving shells and glittering sands.

From early morn till noon,

Beneath the cliff, he'd watch with idle gaze

The creeping shadows wane ;

And then from noon till eventide

He'd see them spread their sombre skirts again.

And, when these scenes did pall,

He'd turn his gaze upon the heavens blue,

(A softer blue than does enrich the distant wave,)

And work strange imagery for his mood, —
Figures fashioned from the scudding clouds
That held their transient being in
The pupil of his eye, —
Now a dragon with extended fins ;
And now a monstrous head with flowing mane,
That sails across the bright illumined sky.
Then, when at last the sun
Had cooled his hot face in the sea,
He'd watch the heavens change their livery :
Now Erebus with shadows populates the earth ;
Now o'er the waters sits the moon
Like some pale lady in her chamber blue,
That weeps and weeps all night ;
While here and there the meek subservient stars
All stand aside to watch the changes of her face ;
While still beyond, in silver sheets,
The milky-way does form,
Like patient courtiers that should keep aloof,
The humblest of her nightly train.
When nothing but the wild winds roam,
When lights have flown from 'neath the drooping eaves,
And this broad world hath turned itself
Into a living sepulchre, he'd wander forth ;
For Ingarde loved, like cat and dog, to prowl the night.

And thus, 'twixt day and night,
 Many a month had passed away ;
 Till one dusky even to his coy retreat
 His comrade came,
 And stating that a lady fair,
 As fair as flesh could make her,
 Had crossed the gorge, and on the isle had lit,
 (Like to a sunbeam fallen from the clouds,)
 Did plead that Ingarde, his dear friend,
 Should rise, go forth, and gaze
 Upon her blinding charms.

But Ingarde fancied not the scheme,
 Until his friend belabored him with words,
 Maintaining that 'twere time he left
 His melancholy and his moods,
 And that the morrow's breeze should take
 The Ingarde yacht beyond the buoy-lights,
 Together with a brilliant company.
 Then Ingarde, more to please his comrade
 Than himself, acceded to his quest.

So, prompt, — by chanticleer,
 When sleep and night grow faint,
 And eastern seas are all aflame, —

Both youths were at the rendezvous ;
And at her moorings rode the yacht,
With taper masts and smooth white hull,
White as the snow that falls by night, —
A swan-like mould, with sloping breast
That hung above the crested wave.
And proudly Ingarde gazed upon her shape ;
For she had been to him as 'twere
A plaything of his riper years,
On which he doted like a child.

Now from the shaggy cliff
There comes a peal of laughter and a wild huzza :
The white yacht answers with a gun ;
And, ere the echo dies along the shore,
The merry throng descend the rocky lane,
And range their numbers on the strand.
Now do the boatmen ferry o'er the guests
Unto the white yacht's side ;
While mingled with the beating waves is heard
The fluttering of skirts,
The boatswain's whistle, and the splash of oars.

Now o'er the gilded gunwale pour
The ladies and their knights :

Then for a while the white yacht tossed,
 With pennants flying and a flapping sail ;
 Till, swinging leeward with the tide,
 She filled her sheets, and boomed a last adieu
 Unto the bold resounding cliffs.
 Two stalwart youths were at the wheel ;
 While, with her canvas wings outstretched,
 She cleft the billows with her shining prow.
 And Ingarde gazed a while,
 With an approving smile,
 Upon her fair proceedings :
 Then, mingling with his gallant company,
 There passed a brief exchange of courtesies ;
 And Ingarde sought the Lady Imogen :
 Her voice a tender cadence had ; and her hand,
 E'en were its whiteness soiled with soot,
 Its faultless outline might command
 The praise and admiration of a host.
 But o'er her features she had cast a veil,
 That far beneath her thighs descended ;
 Of such a texture, that 'twould seem
 As if 'twere woven from an azure cloud
 Tossed and driven by the passing winds ;
 While, like a houri, all entreaty failed
 To make her lift the mystic curtain from her face.

And Ingarde wooed and wheedled all in
vain ;

She'd not unmask for one or any :

So he, perforce, must be content

To feast his ears, if not his eyes,

And listen to her repartees.

She had but little mercy

On her attendant lords :

For, with the playful tone of her satire,

(Relying on her nimble tongue

Before the multitude,)

She'd lay their foibles bare ;

While each in turn would come,

The willing victim of her artful scourge,

Returning "plucked and feathered" to a man.

Her wit, the more it killed,

The more it seemed to please :

'Twas winsome, yet destroying.

And many a courtly youth

Would fain have torn his bosom bare

To have received a stab from hands like these,

Had not the prudence of his etiquette

Restrained the desperate step

By caging him below with some

Half-weanèd virgin or unsocial dowager.

Ah me ! and so it was till wine
And music to the rescue came ;
And, coming then, the spell was broken, and
A rich, melodious air
Burst o'er the ambient seas,
Like to the waking memory
Of some delicious dream ;
And jokes were cracked, and bottles broken,
And the laugh grew loud and long.
But soon the white yacht neared
A little isle clothed all in green,
Whose skirts were bastioned with huge rocks,
Whereon the blue wave dashed.

On a sudden flashed the signal-gun,
And the cable rattled down the side ;
• For, of all others, this had been
The chosen spot of earth whereon to dine, —
A shady islet, from all other shores remote,
Like to a pearl or fountain cool
Amid the desert lost or wasted.
The boats were manned, and all
Prepared to disembark.
First came the merry company ;
And in their midst, still veiled,

The Lady Imogen.

The toiling flunkies now appear
With crates and hampers not a few ;
While the sturdy seamen clog the rear
With the heavier material.

The party now along the crooked path,
And 'twixt the dark heights, wind their way ;
Till, spying out the favored ground,
The foremost gives a long halloo,
That echoes back and back again.
Ah ! this is not a marble hall
Where lords do strut, and snuff
The spices of the covered roast :
Not like the golden eaves
Of human habitations do
These ivy arches seem ;
Nor like to crystal pillars
Do these oaks appear,
Whose branches point to heaven, and
Whose huge trunks rise like sombre spires
In their azure dignity :
More like an arbor of delight,
A little Eden, this,
Screened by a tapestry of leaves,

Where the green earth is hunched and huddled
Into knolls, and all with moss is carpeted.

A bustling number spread the cloth,
(Where all's to say, and none's to do ;)
While at a distance, in a vine-grown cave,
The black cook held a solemn parley with
His myrmidons, conspiring how best,
Within the limits of his subtile art,
To win the plaudits of the famished throng ;
While this same throng beguiled the tedium of
The short expectant hour with white tales,
With worded games, and many arts of fashion.

But Ingarde through the whole
Was at the side of Lady Imogen ;
For there was something in his breast,
The quickening of his breath,
Or the beating of his heart,
That bade him follow her.
He hung upon her option like
The night upon the day.
Her undrawn veil did fill him full
Of vague imaginings ;
While she did jest, and make him merry

With her soul-delighting speech.
And yet he often spoke, demanding her
To show to him her face :
But she made subterfuge, and strove
To turn the tenor of his mind ;
Till he, well vexed, and feeling twitted by her
ways,
Complained 'twas scarcely courtesy to him
Or to his goodly company that she
Should hide her features from the light of day, —
It being in the woodland shade, where no
Hot sun there was to brown
The whiteness of her cheek.
But this availed him not ;
For she resisted still.
Then he bethought him of a plan
Wherein might lie success :
So he commenced to rail,
Suggesting that perchance
She, like some faded maid or Spanish dame,
For lack of beauty or good taste,
Had learned to wear the tender virgin's cloud
Through riper years.
But the lady laughed, and thus replied :
“ Proud Ingarde, see ! 'twill serve thee not ;

For well I know thou deem'st me young and fair ;
And, e'en thou didst not, little would I care."

Then Ingarde bowed a courteous bow,
And took his leave,
But swore within himself he'd tame the shrew,
Or wreck the yacht ; for well he knew,
That, in the wild disorder of a rout,
He could unmask his prey
If all else failed him in his fixed intent.
(Ah ! then unhappy host and luckless guest !
For we may live to see
The goodly company,
Like beaten corses, strew the strand.)

.

Soon came the banquet,
And the guests were ranged around ;
While, at the head, the host
Presided like a prince.
The smoking joints he cleaved with his unsheathèd
sword :
The shrewd blows fell both thick and fast,
Quick as the eagle's wing that smites
The unresisting air in mortal agony ;

While many hungry jaws
Kept pace with his proceedings.
But when the edge
Of keen demented appetite
(As salt winds give) had worn away,
Then Ingarde grew a little more demure,
And *still* maintained his flowing grace,
His court unto the Lady Imogen ;
Who *still*, in turn, maintained her veil.
But he was gentle as his wont ;
For he knew well, that, on the homeward seas,
He'd drive the Spanish quickness from her eye,
And tame her as he'd done his hounds.
Then Ingarde smiled upon his guests ;
While jests were given and returned,
As if within the bosom of their host
No heart-string played a wild discord.

So fared the day till eventide ;
When unto Ingarde from the yacht
The brawny captain came,
And stated in few words,
That, if the Ingarde and his goodly company
Would reach the bay at peep of day,
'Twere time to weigh the anchor and make sail.

Once more the bright wine made its timely round ;
 Then, preparing to adjourn, they drank a toast
 Unto their garland hall.
 All bade the shady isle farewell ;
 And, turning on the dark receding wood
 A last fond gaze, with merry song they passed
 Unto the sloping shore,
 Where rumbling rolled the ground-swell o'er the stones.

The winds had fallen, and
 The clouds had gathered into mist,
 Uplifted o'er the phantom
 Circle of the land.
 The white yacht swung between
 The eddies of the tide ;
 The long flag drooped beneath the gilded stern ;
 And all was silent save the boatswain's pipe
 Against the dull gray sky.
 The brine was sallow ; and it seemed
 As if a sullen stillness
 The sluggish main oppressed.
 But soon the broad sail climbed the mast,
 The anchor 'neath the cat-head swung,
 And the white yacht passed her moorings with the
 stream.

Yet Ingarde shook his head ; for he foresaw
The journey homeward would be long,
And peradventure dangerous.
He bade the brawny captain keep
His counsel close, nor to the guests
Impart his fears, or hint
The likely brewing of a storm.

When Ingarde joined his company,
The boatmen sang their native songs ;
And wine and dance, and women fair,
Upon the even-lighted deck,
Till night-fall, sped the time.
And then, when all was hushed
Between the white yacht's sides,
The Lady Imogen with her soft hand
Drew rapture forth from out
Her tuneful mandolin,
And on the tiptoe of delight
The guests seemed spell-bound by the strain ;
While, all around, the ship's lamps shone
Like fire-worms in some ethereal mist.

Deep, yet softly deep,
Did Ingarde feel the magic of her shell

Steal o'er him in his revery : 'twould lead him through
 Sweet untrod paths of wingèd thought
 Thick-strewn with violet and rose,
 Wherein he deemed he saw
 As from out a crystal basin rise
 A fountain foaming white,
 On whose uplifted crest the night
 Seemed washed in everlasting spray.

Soon waking from his mood,
 And gazing on the sky,
 He could discern a single star,
 That pensile swung like one lost ray
 Of light upon the face of night,
 As deep embanked beneath, against the west,
 There hung a huge black rolling cloud.
 Then, glancing down, upon the swaying deck
 He saw the weary watchmen pace.
 But she had gone : the Muse had flown,
 And Helicon was desolate.
 Then, wavering a while
 Between dream's fairyland and this,
 A sweet oblivion, a quiet sense
 Of deep repose, obtained
 Possession of his soul, —

A sleep whose silent waters flow
Unceasing through a cool, delicious mead,
As time, still moving, passes on.

.

When Ingarde woke,
The waves were dashing o'er him,
And he heard the cries of women in distress ;
While near him stood
The stalwart captain, ashy-pale.
The mate cried out upon him in distress ;
But Ingarde heard him not
Amid the fury of the gale.
The sails were rent, the masts were riven,
And the night breathed terror on the blast.
A second respite in the deafening din
As that between two thunder-claps,
And then again he heard a woman's shriek,
High o'er the conflict, long and shrill.
Then, waking to a sense
Of fearful consciousness,
He cried aloud, " Oh ! whence that sound ? —
The Lady Imogen ! "
But the darkness veiled his sight ;
And, groping forward, with

A sudden crash he fell.
 There stunned he lay, bewildered and benumb :
 Half maddened by the jar,
 He deemed it all to be a dream
 Brought on him like an incubus ;
 Till something in the darkness clutched his thigh.
 “ ’Tis I ! ’tis I ! — poor Imogen ! ”
 Then sadly Ingarde cried,
 “ Alas ! it is no dream !
 ’Tis Ingarde — I — on whom thy hand is laid ! ”
 Then, quickly loosening her grasp,
 She called aloud, “ Oh, be thou merciful !
 Though I should ask it not of thee.”
 Once more the proud blood tingled through his veins
 As his mind recalled the yester-eve.
 But now upon them dashed a sweeping surge,
 A thunderbolt of brine.
 Then, clinging to his neck, she cried,
 “ If thou’rt a man, or but the semblance of
 A man, thou’lt save me from a death like this ! ”
 And Ingarde, rising, answered her :
 “ I am a man, and wear the semblance of a man !
 Come thou to me ; and, if thou diest, ’twill be
 That black-eyed Death has snatched thee from mine
 arms ! ”

Then with a desperate haste he caught her up,
And lashed her with him to the trembling mast,
While the bark rushed writhing through the spray.
Then came a second billow dark and dense,
That, like a snow-tipt mountain, cast
Its white heights on the groaning deck.
But Ingarde heeded neither wind nor sea ;
For he now felt that she was near, and death
To him had lost the poison of its sting.
Soon from a phosphorescent cloud there curves
A livid flash, revealing two
Black eyes that seem to gleam from out his very breast,
And arms of snow that wound their softness 'bout his
neck.

Now comes a crash as if
Two worlds had met in ether space ;
And for a moment, in his sable mantle's folds,
She hid her pallid face.
Then Ingarde, bending o'er her, while he felt
Her pulses beat in a quick unison with his,
But touched her lips, and nothing more.
Her bosom heaved as if 'twould burst, and her soul
Seemed peeping forth
From out the darkness of her eyes.
Then came an awful silence like the dead,

An ominous patience in the elements,
As in the blackness of the night
Both sea and sky seemed one.
It comes ! it comes ! — and blacker than the thunder-
cloud,
Belching like an earthquake, came
A tower of wild waves. The white yacht, like
Some unchained Mazeppa, madly plunged,
And, struggling, reeled and quivered through
Her shattered length ; but, recoiling then,
She disengaged. Then from the feeble crew
There rose above the howling sea a faint hurrah,
That died before the shrieking of the winds.

Then came the minute-gun
At scattered intervals of time ;
And now ! — and there again ! —
The minute-gun at sea !
Each minute counts a span, life's journey won
To some departing soul.
Each flash is death. And what is death ?
'Tis but a minute more.

Then, addressing Imogen, the Ingarde said,
“ If Fate decree that we must leave

This brief incarnate state,
Oh, may it please the grace of Providence Divine
To so renew the sinews of my failing strength,
That, in my mortal throes
Beneath the seething surf,
I still my gentle charge may hold
Above my drowning head
Unto the light of day, that she may bid
This worldly waste adieu, and breathe her spirit last !”
And, as he spoke, upon the maiden’s
Eyelid hung a tear like some rich pensile pearl ;
And she made answer unto him :
“ Oh that I were like thee,
So nobly fashioned in the mind,
That I, like thee, might gaze unmoved,
And with expanded nostrils breathe
The fury of the gale !
But I do cling to earth and earthly things ;
Nor can I gaze on death without
A deep distressing fear
That seizes on my inward self.”
Then Ingarde spoke once more :
“ Ah ! lady fair,
We live to die ; but, dying, live again :
And life to me seems but a vast

Commingling of light and shade, of day and night,
Wherein small men rejoice ;
For they see nought beyond.
Emerging from the womb to swell the tide
Of frail humanity between
The thighs of Mother Earth,
They play strange pranks before the light of day ;
And, failing in the purposes
Of their allotted time, recede
To darkness in an unknown sleep,
With scarce the common heritage of soul.
Ah ! lady, thou shalt live to see the morrow's sun ;
But I to-night may die.”
Then turning, Imogen cried out,
“ Oh ! why should Death be lenient to me,
And, changing then, of thee thy life despoil ? ”
Soon Ingarde, gazing in
Her mellow eyes, replied :
“ Ah ! Fate is on me with a heavy hand ; and
Fair Fortune, drowned in tears,
Can never smile again.
Then list, fair lady, to my tale.
I once possessed a little sister dear,
Remembered in sweet childhood's smiles and tears,
Whose eyes were black as mine,

And who, men said, was born my counterpart ;
But she, alas ! in tender years
Soon passed away, while I remained
To bathe my sorrow in warm tears.
'Twas then, in this first baptism of woe,
I learned to love the sea,
The forest, and the stormy hills ;
Seeking amid these wastes to find
Alleviation for my all-absorbing grief.
All books I scorned ; for lore no fascination lent.
So I, untaught, though not untutored, dwelt,
Indulging in a most surpassing growth :
While all men said, ' He's but
A pampered fledgling at the best ;
A mother's fondling he,
Without a soul for greatness or for fame ;
The prince of idleness and vice ! '
And so I wandered forth unmated and alone, —
A child whom no one loved, and no one understood.
'Twas then, upon a gusty morn,
When clouds are driven like gray sails
Across the silent firmament ;
When in the animated air
The trees are rocked, the branches whirled,
And wingless things find wings to borrow

- When guided by the hastening winds, —
'Twas then I met a gypsy with an evil eye,
Who, seeing that a lamb
Had strayed from out the fold,
Rejoiced, and said she'd weave a web,
And tell me of my fate.
The thought seemed pleasing, and she spoke :
' In years ere one half-score
And three and four have passed ye o'er,
Thy head shall wear ten silver hair.
In years ere one-score ten,
Ye'll hear a bell, ye'll hear a knell,
That sounds yer summing nigh.
In time ye're but a half-creation, know :
The rest is locked within the tomb.
Thrice cursed thou art ! — thrice cursed !'
Then, crossing quick her crooked thumb
Against her fingers paired, she disappeared ;
While still I heard, high o'er the screaming blast,
Her wild, exultant cries, — 'Thrice cursed ! — thrice
cursed !'
Ah me ! how well the waxen dial of
The infant mind retains each trivial print !
For this has worked upon my days,
And worn upon my nights,

Like some foul spell ;
While all my weal seems turned to woe.
'Tis true, 'twere meet that I should banish
All such superstitious thoughts ;
But at a time like this,
When I do drain my memory, —
As each man does before his quick demise, —
It comes before me from the unrelenting past
With such a potent plea to give it audience !
Yet blame me not ; for I was but a child,
Whose life seemed little better than
An idle dream.

“ But if it be that I must die,
Oh ! let it be within thine arms,
Thou hoary-headed Sea !
For 'twixt thy spirit and my soul
There does exist a deep affinity.
Oh ! let me rest upon thy undulating breast ;
And let my corse be turned to water, not to dust,
Wound in a weedy pall ;
And let the seething spray
Build o'er my flowing grave a living monument
To hide me from the vulgar eyes of men.
So let me lie

'Twixt these broad mountain-seas,
Cold trembling in the Valley of the Dead !

“ Oh ! would that Time would stop, and let me ponder,
Or that Neptune bridle these wild waves !
For I do feel the briefness of my earthly stay. —
But why should I accuse these waters dark,
Though they be boisterous, and do roughly play
With their unwonted guests,
Of seeking to rob of aught so frail,
So poor a being as mine own ? ”

Then Ingarde gazed with steadfast eye,
As if to pierce the darkness, and discern
The workings of the agitated waste
That parted by the white yacht's cleaving bow,
(Yawning like the gate of hell,
And thundering like an avalanche,)
To fall astern, and mingle with
The broken wake ;
While Imogen, pale, trembling like a leaf,
Gazed on his stern, unyielding eye
With such a soft, abiding smile,
As if she there had found
A haven for her sinking heart,

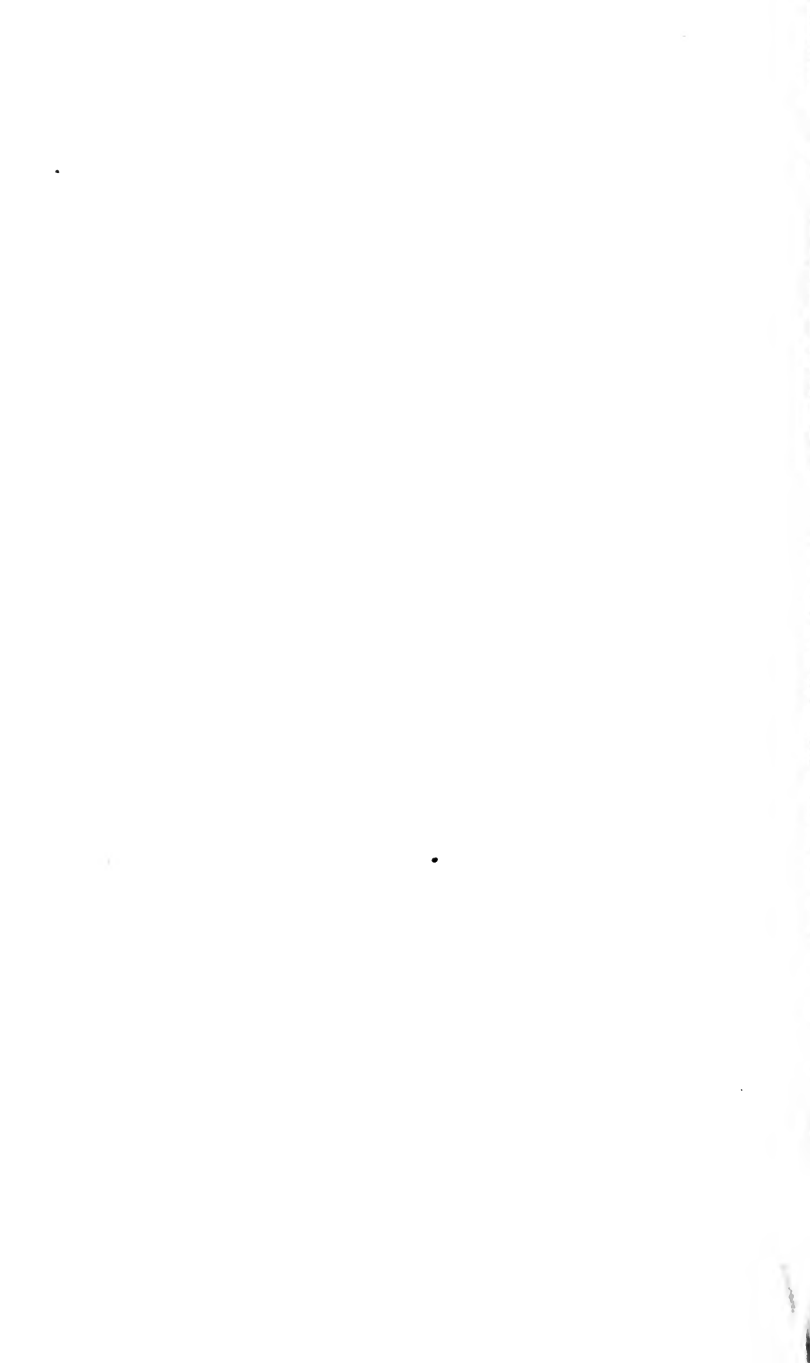
Or thence derived some vital sustenance,
Some comfort for her all-distressing fear.

So passed the night
Till the first azure-gray of dawn
Broke like faint stars emerging from the night ;
But, as the haggard crew rejoiced,
A youth from out the netting called aloud,
“ I hear a sound, that comes upon me,
In the pauses of the gale,
Like to the clanging of some distant bell ! ”
And all stooped down with outstretched necks to list.
“ Hush ! — hark ! — ’tis there ! — and now again ! ”
Then suddenly the brawny captain cried,
“ It is the buoy-bell ! — and we are saved ! —
Saved ! — for I know the channel as I do
The lines upon my hand ;
And in an hour we shall be
Beneath the cover of the land ! And we are saved ! ”
Then o’er the wet decks shone
Bright faces and rekindled eyes ; and,
Higher than the ocean’s roar,
The lusty cheers ascended :
While on the Ingarde’s breast
In silence wept the Lady Imogen.

.

.

At nightfall, 'neath the shaggy cliff,
The squadron's yachts at anchor lay,
Their hollow sides uplifted on the tide,
Their glistening prows athwart the phosphorescent wave,
Their taper masts up-looming like a bristling forest
Deep-rooted in the eddies of the sea ;
And, far gleaming o'er the wave,
To leeward swung the emerald lamps
Like some sea-nurtured monster's eyes
That cautiously doth peer from out
The sandy basin of the brine,
To keep a nightly vigilance
Above the ocean's dark dominion.
The moon her silver cheek
Was bathing in a cloud,
When, gliding to her moorings
'Mid the phantom fleet,
The white yacht flashed her gun ;
While in the distant heavens groaned
The outstripped remnants of the storm.



OCCASIONAL PIECES.



THE MOON.

THE moon has lit my sail ;
And all the crested billows, spreading wide,
Her face reflect as pale
As sunken Death's upon the swollen tide

That lifts above the mast.
While the huge black eddies of that frenzied sea,
Enraged, rush roaring past
The side, as the dripping cup is thrust to me, —

“ Here's to Diana, one and all,
Whose unslaked thirst now rocks the deepest flood ;
Whose eyes, when cities fall
And rapine is abroad, are shot with blood ! ”

Ah ! in the storm thou'rt feared ;
The shattered ships proclaim thy dreadful spell :
Though thy disk is wan and weird,
Thou hast the power to make this sea a hell !

But from the strand thou'rt chill,
Forbidding, like a virgin's eye unwooed
By mortal touch: yet still
Thou'rt fair; though passion in thee finds no food,

Save when thy silver beams
In sleeping arbors play the lovers' amulet,
And time those wakeful dreams,
That, having tasted once, we ne'er forget.

A favor, then, pale Moon!
As now thou seek'st to shun the morning light:
Grant me this parting boon, —
To drink thy health before we say "Good-night!"

Then in the silent air,
Shining o'er me alike as o'er my grave,
"Here's to thy silver hair!"
I drink, and cast the goblet in the wave.

LINES TO —.

OH! I love thee for thy beauty ;
Oh! I love thee for thy duty,
Paid to him who comes to claim thee :
For this heart can never blame thee,
Though it loves, it loves, it loves thee ;
Though it loves, it loves, it loves thee.

Though I woo in awkward fashion,
Though thou canst not feel my passion,
Though thou sadly dost neglect me,
Though full soon thou wilt forget me,
Still I love, I love, I love thee ;
Still I love, I love, I love thee.

Still the wild bees, still, are humming ;
But the winter's frost is coming,
And the hope that lies within me
Faints and fades and dies within me :
For I love, I love, I love thee ;
Oh! I love, I love, I love thee !

LINES TO —.

'Tis very hard
To be a bard,
And please the mighty million.

Some have such moods,
Some are such prudes,
They're quite intangible.

The ladies say,
" He's much too gay ;
He lacks the tragic fire."

The printers, too,
Declare, " 'Twon't do :
It lacks maturity."

The critics now
Inquire how
Such stuff e'er came to light.

I try again,
But all in vain,
To bait such appetites.

Some say I'm mad ;
Some say 'tis sad
To see a young man so :

Yet still I hear,
Sweet Sallie dear,
You read my MSS.

If you I please,
My heart's at ease ;
And, in the coming future,

I'll sing to none
Save only one :
My fame shall be in thee.

S A P P H O.

'Twas Sappho, mistress of the lyre,
In her sweet Æolic tongue! —
The Grecian maid, whose soul of fire,
Divinely thrilling as she sung,
Created her a goddess in the eyes of men,
And changed the name of “ Muses nine ” to “ Muses ten.”

But, like a summer wet with rain,
Her joys were ever fraught with pain ;
Her gentle smile was ever clouded o'er,
Thinking of Phaon of the coral shore,
Who never had, by the gods ! repaid
The favors of the unmated maid.
So, when her charms he mockingly defied,
There grew a thorn in Sappho's side ;
Her words grew strange, and her mind did seem
The victim of some unnatural dream.
Some fear without a shape, they say,
Before her face had likened night to day.
She slowly wandered o'er the hills alone,
Pale as Diana, loving still but one,

Who loved her not, — not even as a friend, —
But by his taunts would hasten on the end.

.

Then, as
The snow that falls all cold and white
Amid the stillness of the night,
 When no one hears,
 And no one feels the shock ;
 So Sappho fell
 From the Leucadian rock :
Her bruises and her bosom bare,
She panting lay in the chill night-air ;
Till, despairing of the coming day,
In tears and sighs she passed away
Into Death's protracted sleep ;
While in her deafened ear the deep
Is even gently moaning now,
As 'mid the sands her tresses flow,
As o'er her head the sea-gulls mew,
And day awakes all pale and blue.

OH ! STRIKE ONCE MORE THAT KEY.

OH ! strike once more that key,
And give me joy again ;
Take not so soon from me
The rapture of that strain.

Such music gives me pain ;
Yet would I fondly say,
“ Still, maiden, still, again
Upon my heart-strings play ! ”

MARCH 2, 1871.

LINES TO E——, WRITTEN AT N——.

BENEATH this tree I sit from noon
Till cooling Eve brings forth her moon,
Before whose disk the mists are driven fast :
The stars that tremble on that sea
Seem sorely vexed, when on the sudden blast
They disappear.

And so is it with me
 Since that soft night on limpid tide
 When we were wafted side by side,
 And both were mute, — the idle oar that dips
 The stream, the tempter and the tempted lips.
 I knelt and kissed thy dainty neck and cheek,
 Then sought thy rounded mouth in patience meek.
 But thou wert quick : I'd sought in vain.

Then o'er me bending, as for better view,
 Thou into my nostrils a warm draught blew.
 Soon through my veins there coursed a pain,
 A sudden thought, a fearful power,
 Like gazing down from lofty tower.
 I'd breathed thy sighs, — a luscious blast !
 Thou'dst ventured now quite near "the guileless boy ;"
 And prompt I oped and caught thee fast :
 Then, kisses locked, we found that panting joy
 Whose maddening dream seems doubly dear ;
 When conscience awakened with a start,
 And thou grew pale with chilly fear,
 As, with thy hand upon thy heart,
 Thy tearful eyes would search in mine,
 While still I vowed I would be thine.

GRAY EYES.

OH ! shun
That woman with the cold gray eye ;
For she can have no heart :
She'll win you with an empty sigh,
Or some such cunning art ;

Then, like the rose she's holding there
As on the lawn she sits,
She'll take you with a prudish air,
And pick you into " bits."

FEB. 19, 1871.

A FRAGMENT FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I.

" I AM alone upon the stormy sea :
There's nought but sky and billow left for me.
These wild waves parted, making briny graves
For my stout bark and all her strong-armed braves,
Who, having toiled on earth their weary task,
Were drowned ere they could half a blessing ask.

Behold what's left ! — an eddy foaming white ;
And I alone, and groping in the night."

.

But now the sea has ceased to toil and drift ;
The darkness fades ; the night begins to lift ;
Chill blows the ocean-breeze of early dawn ;
While softly breaks the florid ray of morn,
That gilds each ripple of the placid main ;
And Nature smiles to see the sun again !

2.

Pale Crusoe's dazzled eyes, with shading hand,
Could now descry the margin of the land.
With feeble strength, from off his broken spar
He raised him high, and gave a faint hurrah.
Then, of the morning breeze to take avail,
He wrung his cloak, and made of it a sail ;
And with one bound he sits his craft astride :
Now rides he proudly o'er the sunny tide !

.

SEPT. 13, 1868.

S U C C E S S.

SUCCESS,
The apple of ambition's eye ;
The crooked prop of tyranny ;
The wind that puffs the changeful sail ;
 That fills the tuneful pipe ;
That gives a color to the pale,
 A plumpness to the ripe ;
Desire's counterpart,
That men most have at heart.

MARCH 29, 1871.

E P I G R A M.

WOMAN, thou art a river, deep and wide,
Of waters soft and sweet :
Alas ! I've never reached the other side ;
 Though oft I've wet my feet !

AUG. 13, 1870.

THE MAID OF CASTILE.

Coy Cupid was sitting ;
While in a tall chair
A maiden was braiding
Her bright golden hair.
A youth at the casement,
With many a sigh,
Turned fondly upon her
His dark rueful eye.

She little was heeding :
For little she thought
How one heart had been bleeding
From the lesson she'd taught ;
Or him who was waiting
Through many long days,
Ne loving, ne hating :
Ah ! cold were her ways.

But Cupid, soft creeping
When all was at rest,
While the maiden was sleeping,
Plunged the barb in her breast.

The maiden, soon waking,
Cried out in deep pain :
Her bosom was aching,
And she cried out again.

Ah ! wingèd the arrow,
And deadly the aim ;
Ah ! deep was her sorrow,
And deeper her shame :
For there was another,
That smothered the light ;
In darkness another,
That darkened that night.

A M B I T I O N.

(IMPROMPTU.)

LIKE a goddess on her azure hill,
The star of mine ambition,
The mistress of my dream ;
A thing apart,
That we can worship, but not touch ;
A wild desire,
That, in the madness of the thought,
Soars higher in its dignity,
And leaves me weeping in the dust.

FROM LADY I—, Feb. 18, 1871.

A F R A G M E N T.

THE ships were tossing in the bay ;
The white caps peeped ; the clouds hung dense and dark ;
There was a rumbling from the sea, — far, far away ;
The spray-dashed rock loomed stern and stark ;
The creaking mast, the flapping sail,
The struggling bark with cable straining tight :
And, through the shrouds, the bleak wind's wail
Foretells the tempest of the coming night.

OH, LISTEN TO THE MOANING SEA!

THE stars shone bright
On that moon-tide night,
And their summer-fires burnt,

While towards the west,
With beating breast,
A silent lover stole

Across the bay,
Away, away :
Oh, listen to the moaning sea !

On mountain-side
His lovely bride
That night was left alone ;

But toward the sea
Her humid ee
Would often sadly turn.

.

The clouds descend ;
The great trees bend ;
The sky is wet with spray !

Alone she lies
'Mid tears and sighs :
Oh, listen to the moaning sea !

The winds fell cold ;
The thunders rolled
Above the blackened west.

A flash, then rain,
Then flash again :
Oh, listen to the moaning sea !

.

And now she wakes ;
The morning breaks ;
She rushes to the shore :

With one great cry,
With fixèd eye,
She gazes on the waves ;

For there alone
A dead face shone
Beneath the seething foam.

The bride stood still ;
Her heart waxed chill,
And groans were heard afar,

As all that day,
By that deep bay,
She listened to the moaning sea.

JULY 2, 1871.

GIVE ME A WIDOW OF FORTY.

GIVE me a widow of forty ;
Dignified, but not too haughty ;
Just before we can discern
Her dimples into wrinkles turn ;
When the ripeness of her eye
Approves the passion of each sigh, —
Then in her ear, on bended knee,
Would I instil my tender plea.

P.S. — Though not perhaps *hymeneally* bent,
Yet with it all an *honorable* intent !

MARCH 5, 1871.

FIRST PART OF THE "BANDIT GREEK."

(A FRAGMENT.)

"The day for Athens, and the night for me!"

I.

THE winds are high ; the night descends ;
The wet moon comes and goes ;
The shadows rise, the shadows fall ;
And cold Ilissus flows ;
The dark floods roll, the mists hang dense and damp,
As drowsy Athens trims her midnight lamp.

2.

Afar the watch-hound's bay is heard :
But the sentry by the gate
In leaden sleep has steeped his soul ;
And at the turret grate
The blind owl blinks ; while o'er a western hill
The haggard moon in weariness stands still.

3.

There slowly rises on the night
A clattering of hoofs, —
A din that jars the senseless ear, —
And echoes from the roofs
Resound. The sentry bids the horsemen "Hold!"
Again, again : the warning is thrice told.

4.

Their mantles flying in the wind,
Their helmets worn awry,
They gallop past the low-browed arch,
Unmindful of the sentry's cry :
Then quick is heard the messenger of lead ;
But the echoes sleep, and the horses have fled.

5.

The soft black curtain of the passing night
Is dimpled into stars as onward flow
The silent cavalcade :
The morning breaks, and bleak winds blow
From each steel crest the black plumes to and fro,
As on, still on, still on, they go !

.

THE SONG OF THE "BANDIT GREEK"
TO HIS MISTRESS.

(IMPROMPTU.)

MEET me on the mountain-side
When the sun at eventide,
Languishing a last red beam,
O'er the blue waters can just be seen.

Meet me by the moon-lit lake
Where the gliding swan awakes,
Where the stars ne'er close their eyes,
And the weeping-willow sighs.

Meet me on the lonely strand,
'Mid the rosy shells and sand,
'Mid the rocks where none can see
The love that lies 'twixt you and me.

APOSTROPHE.

O MUSIC! language of the soul,
Of love, of God to man ;
Bright beam from heaven thrilling,
That lightens sorrow's weight.

LINES TO —, WRITTEN DURING A SEVERE
ATTACK OF ILLNESS.

I CARE not what they say ;
I care not for the night ;
I care not for the day,
That swiftly takes its flight.

Life is a waste of woes,
And Death a river deep,
That ever onward flows,
Troubled, yet asleep.

.
Have these my hairs grown white ?
Are these my pulses cold ?
Why write it on the night,
I've suddenly grown old ?

Ah ! then, come close to me,
Of this fell earth the best :
'Tis thee, 'tis only thee,
I'd nestle to my breast !

For all I leave behind
 Seems fit but to despise ;
 Yes, all that I can find,
 Save thee and thy bright eyes.

Why is my love so pale ?
 Does illness make her so ?
 Or does her spirit fail
 Because I soon must go ?

Ah ! death, commencing here,
 Can have but this one end, —
 Of making thee more dear,
 My only, only friend !

Then let my failings rest
 In the darkness of the past :
 One shudder, curst or blest,
 And their record ends at last.

Oh ! thy silence seems to tell
 On the dimness of mine eyes :
 What means that solemn bell ?
 This chillness in the skies ?

I feel a tear upon my cheek,
And then a quick, sharp pain. .
Once more I try to speak :
Great God ! it is in vain.

Then comes a cooling of the heart,
A closing of the sight ;
And then a quiet sleep apart,
As Fate puts out the light.

JUNE 21, 1870.

EPIGRAM.

(WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF A RATHER AGGRES-
SIVE OLD PERSON.)

WHEN Art takes up the canvas for the glass,
And mirrors Nature here,
Though we be taught that Nature must surpass,
Yet Art seems far more dear !

DEC. 8, 1870.

LINES TO E——, WRITTEN AT W——.

ON seaward islet's southern ride,
Where slowly ebbs the evening tide ;
Where night so gently steals o'er day,
And summer never fades away ;
While in these stars this double ray ;
While in these birds this honeyed key,
That bids my spirit speak to thee, —
Ah ! 'twas on such a halcyon night
We whispered soft in secret flight,
 While here and there the shadows pale,
As light-heeled stars, all robed in white,
 Drew o'er the modest moon a veil.

Rememberest thou, unhappy dame,
 That sweet yet agonizing hour
That to the world must still defame
 The soft and tender breathing flower
 Which of my heart had formed its bower ?
Rememberest thou the tasting of my love ?

Rememberest thou that drunkenness like wine
That came and went, and made thy senses reel ;
That broke thy heart, and made thy soul repine
(For mercy then was made of steel)
This most unhallowed mixing of the blood,
That pours its maledictions like a flood
Upon this bowed, uncovered head?
Oh ! abject silence never came so dear
Till idle words, like drops of molten lead
Fell on the wakeful tendon of mine ear.
O shameful night ! O boundless shade of sorrow !
Thou hast brought forth thy disappointed morrow !

But now

No more shall I thy lovely face unveil
To see thee weep, or see thy cheek turn pale :
No more shall thy white hand,
At dreamy passion's wild command,
About my neck thy raven tresses wind :
For Fortune to us both has been unkind.

I see thy snowy bosom swell ;
I catch thy melancholy eye :
But at the tolling of the bell
I go : thou must not ask me why.

Yet when thou hear'st the moaning sea,
Gaze on the stars, and think of me, —
Of him whose bark has left thy shore ;
Who lives and loves, yet comes no more !

OCT. 6, 1870.

PASSING PLEASURES.

PASSING pleasures do but cloy,
And ape the consciousness of joy :
The wine, the women, and the song,
That tempt us here by night,
Are happy things, though not for long,
To wing oblivious flight
Above the dull, resenting pain,
That, waking, seizes on the brain,
And gives the moody fibre food
To mope, or captiously to brood,
With swollen eyes and torpid legs,
O'er foul and discontented dregs.
Ah ! the quiet that did pall
Before I drank indulgence blind
Becomes the panacea in all
I seek, yet, seeking, cannot find.

Oh ! is there any thing more full
Than satiate desire ?
Or existences more dull than those
Where joy and ire
Desert the vile monotony of days,
Painting a paradox for idle ways ?

Oh ! I am weary : let me sleep ;
Be it forever, be it deep,
Where there shall be no dream of haggard Death,
No sudden throes, no quickening of the breath,
But in a sleep where thou shalt be,
Pale as when we parted last,
Beckoning me on across the sea,
Troubled and restless as the past !
I see thee, bright one ! still afar
In the heavens like a star,
White as snow against the sky :
There's a smile upon thy face ;
But the tear is in thine eye,
Beckoning me on through endless space.

See ! — from out my casement peeps the dawn :
Ah ! must thou go so soon,
Dying before me like the moon ?
Hark ! the early shepherd blows his horn !

Take not affright, bright maid !

Let still thy spirit in my chamber dwell.

Oh, stay ! be not afraid :

Oh, stay, stay, stay ! I cannot say " Farewell ! "

Now on the mists are wafted down .

Her kisses and her sighs, —

The morning mists the winds have blown

Upon me from the skies. ' .

She's gone ! and, oh ! I loathe the coming day,

This bitter-cold usurping light :

My proud heart sinks, my torches fade away,

Before this dread invasion of the night.

Oh that I were in some vast plain,

Out of my mind and out of pain,

In limits rough and rude,

Drowned in a sea of solitude !

TO EPHIGENIA.

IN silence, then, one last embrace ;
One long, last look upon thy face :
For I must go no more to see
My Princess fair, — *Ephigénie*.

Though other hearts thy graces bless,
I'll think of thee, love, none the less ;
For in my stars I'll find for thee
Some fancied seat, *Ephigénie*.

So, with the sighs that breathe my pain,
There lingers hope, though hope be vain ;
And still I trust, though still it be
Adieu, adieu, Ephigénie !

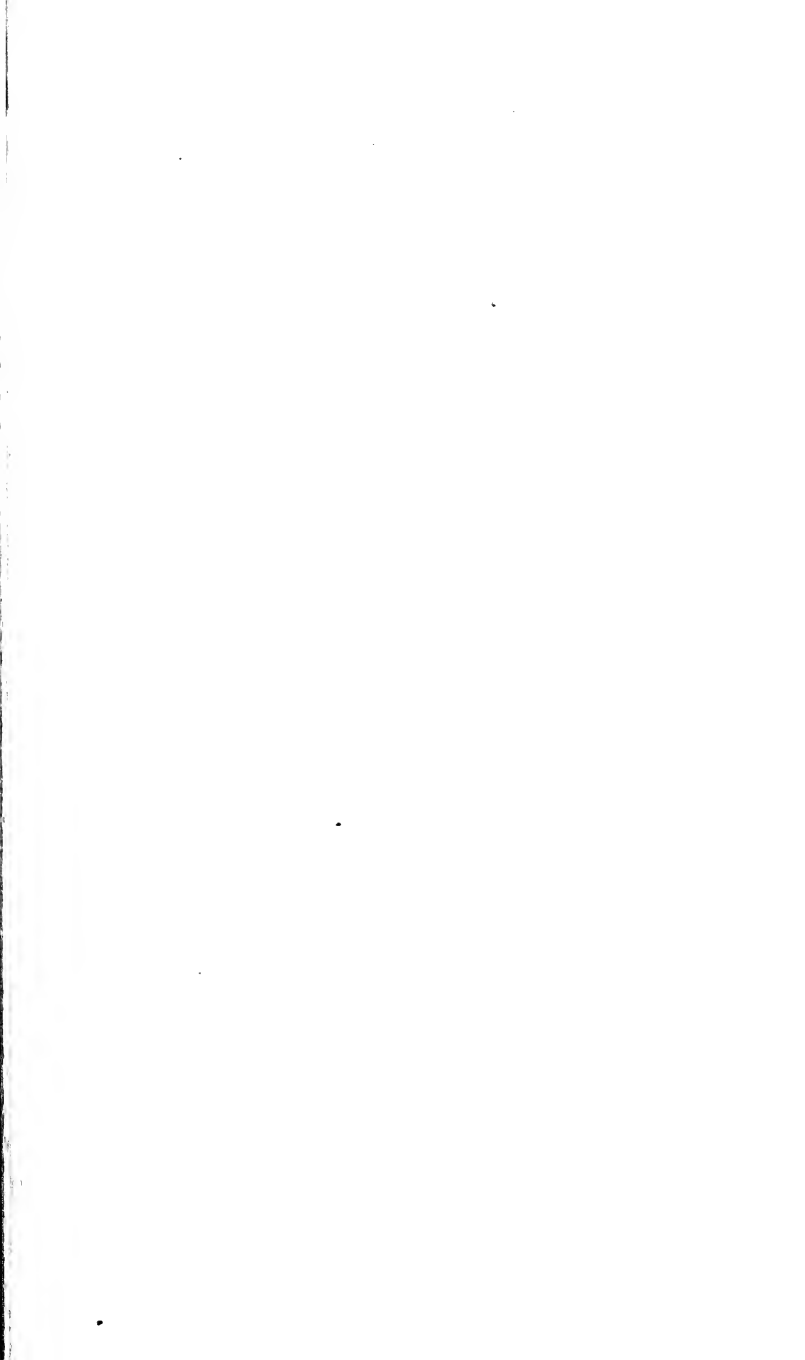
JULY 14, 1870.

LINES WRITTEN AT S—— BEACH.

EACH day grows weary in its length :
Even the hours weigh their minutes painfully.
Still, Life drags on her limping crutch,
And ages fast unroll their stern decrees ;
But mine still lingers on the list,

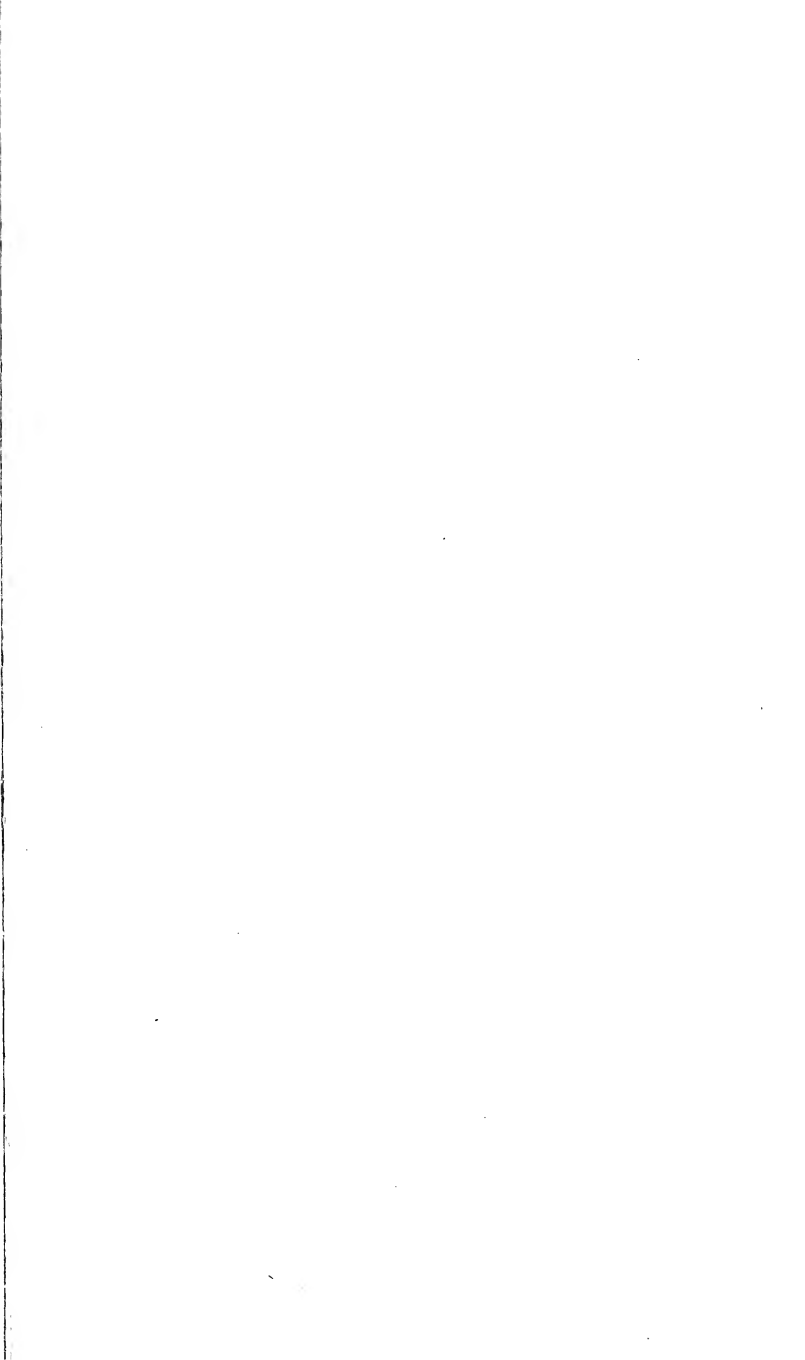
While I, full willing, but afraid,
Stand trembling on the shore
Of the unfathomed stream,
Bewailing black-eyed Death :
For now I am alone, though many friends be near.
The piercing blasts of circumstance
Have chilled me to the bone :
I find but ashes in the gilded cup.
I thrust aside all carnal thirsts ;
Yet, bound in leaden chains, I stand
A victim to despair.
Can no alleviation ease successive night ?
Can Mother Earth no pleasure bear
But in absorbing thought ? and knows she not,
Without the deed, all thought dissolves in air,
Leaving below hopeless yet vast sterility ;
A tongueless bell, bewailing
As the conch-shell moans the sea,
As darkness deep deplores the absent light ?
Be this my lot, and I submit :
All happiness, good-night !

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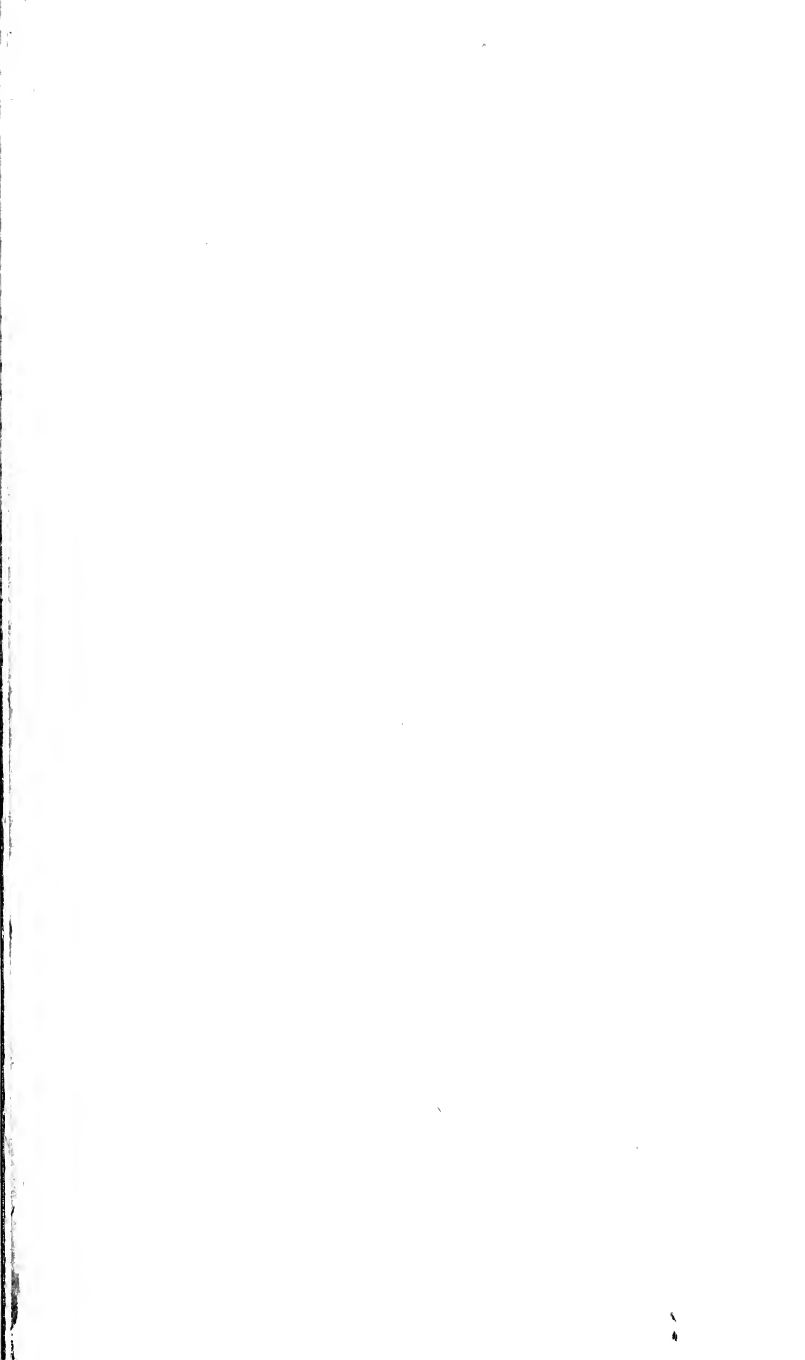


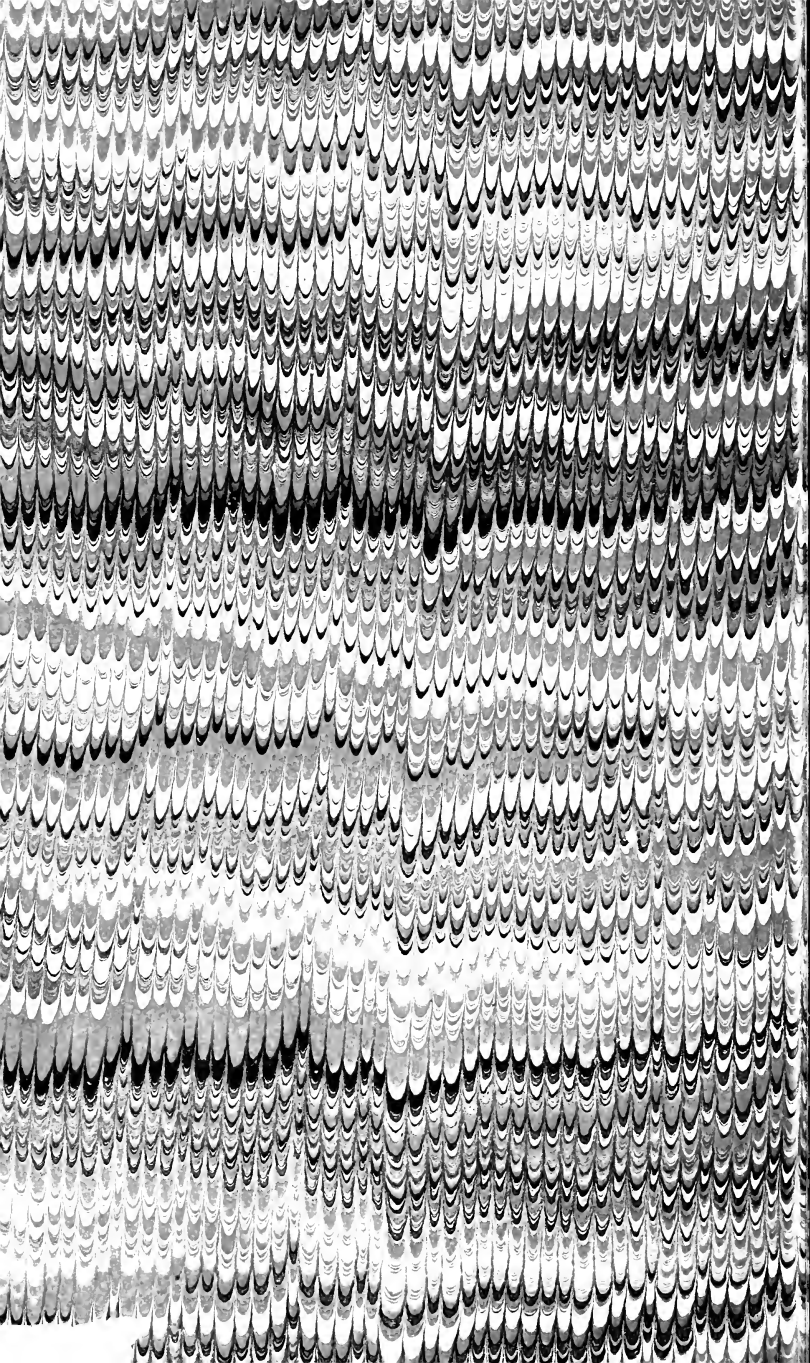


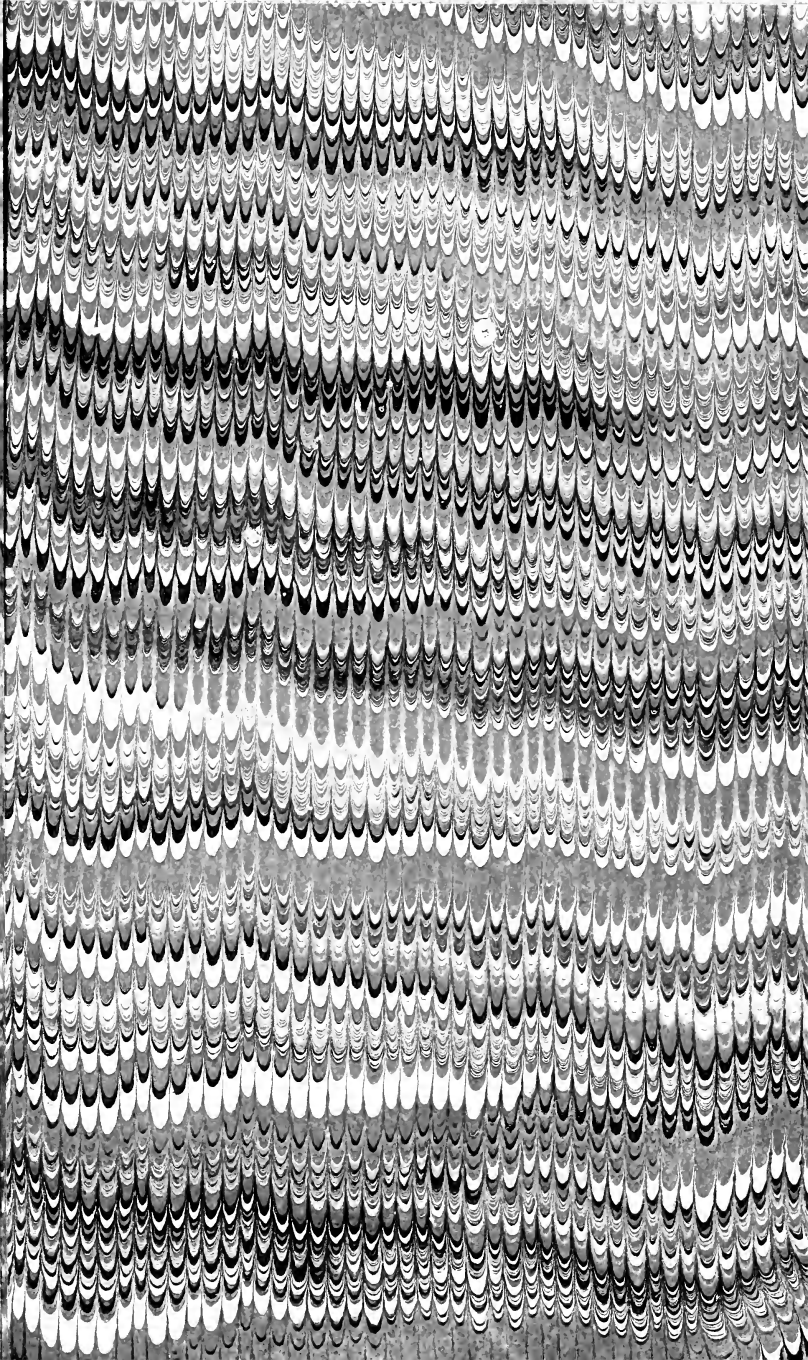












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